



SLAVES OF FASHION.

AN INVITATION.

DEAR TOM, I hear you're back in Town
Bronzed as an Iroquois with brown
Of sunshine and adventures;
I wish you'd come and dine to-night
Ere stream and hill have faded quite,
And Mammon's dipped you out of sight
In shares and dull debentures!

You won't get much: my cook of old
You know is not (though gold, pure gold)
A culinary show thing;
That lady's very utmost word
Is first a sole, and then a bird,
And, if she ventures on a third,
It's toasted cheese—or nothing!

Forgive my menu its misdeeds,
At least you'll find a Beaune that needs
No bush's vain adorning,
And when its vinted balms ascend
You'll think, 'Tis thus, though good
times end,
Their sunny memories stay to blend
With fog and Monday morning!

So come. I want to hear about
The Islands,—were the big sea-trout
As big this year as ever?
And has your brown retriever pup
(Son of old "Shot" who won the Cup)
His father's nose at picking-up?
He promised to be clever.

You got a stag, I heard from Bee;
The island heads are small, but she
Says yours is simply ripping;
I want the details of it all,
His points, the ground, the wind, the
crawl,
And, flushed with triumph at his fall,
What sum you spent in tipping!

Our talk shall slip by braes and brooks,
Through several tones of salmon hooks,
And on by easy stages
To other works of worthy lore,
Picked from the bookshelf's golden store,
Till round our chairs the very floor
Is carpeted with sages!

We'll smoke and watch the embers
glow
And read the lines we like and know,
The old, the wise, the witty;
While on the curtained window-pane
You'll hear the patter of the rain,
And down the Knightsbridge Road again
The roar of London City!

From a calendar:—

"Austen Chamberlain, born 1863.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth."

This looks like the base work of a Free
Trade Unionist.

One of the Bhoys.

From a report in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The great principle to be learned in every noble life was that whatever others might do or say, they, as individuals, must be good, and that was the principle of one with whom they could not see eye to eye. He referred to Marcus O'Reilly."

"Novo . . . We have never heard of any connection between the seasons of the year and falling of the hair, except in poetry, and that is only because the two words rhyme."

Sunday Chronicle.

Even if "year" and "hair" didn't rhyme they might occur at the end of consecutive lines in blank verse, and a connection would still be established.

From a programme:—

"Vocalist

MME. KIRKBY LUNN

(who has kindly consented to sing)."

Not to roller-skate, as was the management's first idea.

From a review in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The book sparkles with trite sayings and exquisite characterisation."

We recommend the publisher to withdraw all his advertisements (consult Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS).

TWO OF A KIND.

"Months ago we heard of the baby christened Budget. And now follows another enthusiast's infant, who has been named Lloyd George."
—*The Daily Chronicle*.]

If noble names can launch a child along a great career,
When at the font of sprinkling you dab the little dear,
No infants started better on the route to high renown
Than Masters Lloyd George Jenkins and Winston Churchill Brown.

To pious inspiration the fancy may be traced
Which overtook their parents (being Radical by taste),
And prompted them to label their respective babes at birth
With what their wits conceived to be the noblest names on earth.

These twain grew up together and shared the youthful spree,
Twin minds with but a single thought, as like as pea and pea;
Or, say, as two-and-sixpence compared with half-a-crown,
Just so was Lloyd George Jenkins to Winston Churchill Brown.

They seldom mixed with other boys because they held the view

It's best to hunt in couples, and a couple's only two;
But some, they saw, were useful when it came to heaving stones,

And such were Budget Billingsgate and Ure Another Jones.

On raiding expeditions our two behaved as one,
Together pinched the orchard and raked the poultry-run;
And answered all objections about these little tricks
With repartees consisting mainly of mud and bricks.

And so the pair (but oh, alas! how outward form deceives!)
Remained to all appearance as close and thick as thieves;
But, underneath a smiling air, this thought they couldn't smother—

That some day one of them would have to swallow up the other.

For when you hunt in couples, though things go smooth as oil,
There's apt to come a question of who shall take the spoil,
Of who's to be the top-dog that pins his partner down:
Would it be Lloyd George Jenkins or Winston Churchill Brown?

Well, on a day they started,* both smiling, on the track
Of quite a big adventure, and *only one came back!*
For in the hour of triumph there arose a horrid hitch,
And one had wiped the other out; I shan't say which was which.
O. S.

From *The Morning Leader*:—

MOTOR-CAR DANGERS.

Sir,—Cannot some effective measures be taken to stop the frightful rushing of motor-cars through our streets? The speed at which the majority of them travel, especially through crowded thoroughfares, is terrible.
Yours, etc., A. E. L.

We understand that this letter has been travelling abroad during the last few years; hence the delay.

A Conservative candidate as reported in *The Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"It had been suggested that the House of Lords could reject this Bill, provided that they had an agreement with their Party in the House of Commons to bring forward a Referendum Bill. . . . He personally believed in the Referendum, but he did not think they were ready yet to pass judgment on the Budget, through the means of the Referendum Bill."

You see *one* of the difficulties straight away.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE BUTCHER'S SON.

I SEEM to remember that there was once a little boy. He lived with his father and mother and his brothers in a large house midway between two villages, and there in a simple way he enjoyed life a great deal. There was a garden, there were favourite dogs and cats, there was a pond for fishing or skating, as the season ordained, there was a stable with a complement of horses and ponies, and there were woods and green fields lying about the house. It was a fairy palace of delight and, like other fairy palaces, it has long since passed away. Villas and shops, this Crescent, that Avenue, and the other Rise reign over the spot where there were fields and trees, and young delight and laughter. Does the uneasy ghost of Neptune, the Newfoundland, or Sturdy, the grey pony—how he hated to be laughed at!—ever roam distraught through these busy little villas?

In one of the villages, distant about a mile from the large house, there was a school, and in this school the little boy was a student, submitting himself, somewhat carelessly, I fear, to the grand old fortifying classical curriculum which has made Englishmen what they are. It was an old school, founded far back in Tudor times, and it differed very little, I suppose, except, perhaps, in one point, from hundreds of other homes of learning scattered throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. The point of exception was that there were generally more day-boys than boarders amongst those who sucked wisdom from it. From the village in which it stood and from the neighbouring villages and homes a great many boys used to trudge to it in the morning, and then back home again for the midday dinner, then once more to school, and so finally home again in the evening. The little boy was one of those jolly trudgers.

I have often been told that day-boys are, on the whole, an inferior class, not to be encouraged in the life of our great schools. It seems that in the demoralising companionship of their parents and amidst the unmanly surroundings created by their sisters they waste precious hours, hours that should properly be devoted to the acquisition of tone and *esprit de corps*. The genius of public-school life, they say, demands that at the tenderest age a little fellow should be withdrawn from every influence that tends to make him gentle and prevents him from becoming barbarous and brutal—his mother's society is above all others injurious—and that he should be subdued to all the petty little conventions of dress and manner and general behaviour which the servility or the roughness of a mass of other boys has established in a sacred and immutable code of respectable rules. I don't dogmatise on this point, but I am not sure that there may not be much to be said on the other side. At any rate my little friend was for the time a day-boy.

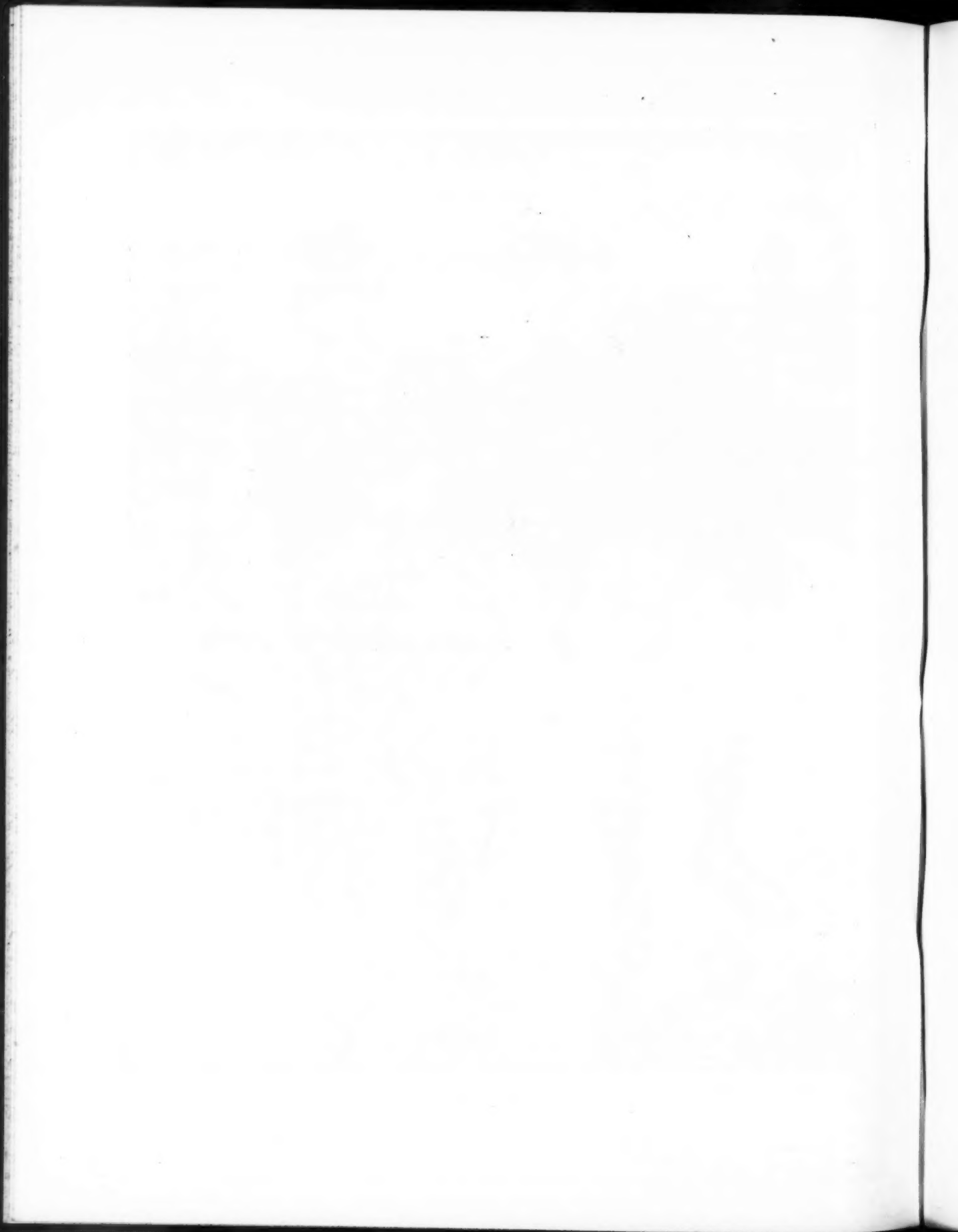
Now one of the fields bordering the little boy's home belonged to the butcher of the village, and in that field the butcher's son John was often to be seen. Sometimes John looked through the hedge and sometimes the little boy looked through it from the other side, and sometimes they both looked through it together, and in the end they became acquainted and exchanged confidences. The hedge soon ceased to be an impenetrable barrier, and eventually John, who was a cheerful, plump, well-mannered, red-cheeked boy, came through it and was made free of the pleasant mysteries of the garden. The two boys became fast friends. John could perform marvellous feats with little lumps of clay discharged as missiles from the top of a stick, and he was more skilful with a catapult than any other mortal boy.

On the afternoon of a certain day the little boy—let me



FORCED FELLOWSHIP.

SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING PARTY. "ANY OBJECTION TO MY COMPANY, GUV'NOR? I'M AGOIN' YOUR WAY"—(aside). "AND FURTHER."





School Medical Officer (examining child's eyes). "Now, LITTLE GIRL, CAN YOU SEE MY FINGER?"
Child (coolly). "I SHAN'T TELL YOU."

call him Harry henceforth—had arranged to meet a school friend in a shady retreat in the woods. I rather think a bird-nesting expedition had been planned. As John happened to be about when the time came for setting forth to the tryst, Harry took him with him, not dreaming any wrong. When they arrived the other boy was there. Harry was punctilious in his manners, and made a ceremonious presentation. "Let me introduce you," he said, "Mr. John Lumsden—Mr. Thomas Chappell. Now then, where shall we begin?" Mr. Thomas Chappell, however, looked darkly uncomfortable. "I'm afraid," he stammered, without seeming to see John's extended hand, "I'm afraid I've left something behind. I'll just go and fetch it." And away he ran. "Mind you come back quick!" shouted Harry after him; and he and John waited and waited. But Mr. Chappell never came back.

On the following morning, when Harry arrived at school, a knot of boys gathered round him, all hostile and determined. "So you're the friend of a butcher!" shouted one. "Yah, you little butcher-boy!" cried another. "Send me home a shoulder of mutton," yelled another, "and mind, I don't want too much fat!" "Oh, you dirty little cad, hadn't you got a proper cheek introducing your butcher boys?" Then they danced round him, sharpening imaginary knives, making the sounds of oxen in distress, and altogether behaving like demons in the pit. The torture continued for days, until finally the lesson was burnt into the little boy's heart. Who was he that he should set himself to abolish those noble distinctions of class upon which the safety of society depends?

Commercial Candour.

"5 new 4-barrel Repeating Pistols, 22 bore. Cannot repeat. To clear, 19s. 6d. each."

THE EXTINCT CROCODILE.

[“The imagination of schoolmistresses and their pupils recoils nowadays from the idea of a return to the Noah's Ark promenade which was their grandmothers' winter exercise.”]

WHEN I was young, in fact a callow ass,
Of idle brain and fancy volatile,
Before our office window used to pass
Miss Proctor's animated crocodile.
Ah! how my neck I'd crick to catch a view
Of those young damsels walking two by two.

Thick chestnut pigtails, fluffy flaxen curls,
Delicious peeps from shyly lowered lids—
In front, a vanguard of the bigger girls,
Rearward, the ranks of lively little kids—
I knew your time of coming to a tick
And thought your pace in passing far too quick.

No more our youngsters' hearts do you disturb
As when, diurnally, you used to trail
Your undulating length along the curb,
A drift of maidenhood from head to tail.
The academic crocodile is dead;
To hockey fields its vertebrae have sped.

I am too old to carp at such a change
Or criticise the frenzied female rout
Who up and down the muddy meadow range
Where "Hack it through!" and "Bully!" is the shout;
And so upon the poor departed's bier
I simply shed a crocodilish tear.

From an advt. in *The West Ham Teachers' Journal*:—

"UP-TO-DATE METHODS OF TEACHING."

And of spellin, to say nothin of printin.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

"Why don't you sit up?" said Adela at dinner, suddenly prodding me in the back. Adela is old enough to take a motherly interest in my figure, and young enough to look extremely pretty while doing so.

"I always stoop at meals," I explained; "it helps the circulation. My own idea."

"But it looks so bad. You ought—"

"Don't improve me," I begged.

"No wonder you have—"

"Hush! I haven't. I got a bullet on the liver in the campaign of '03, due to over-smoking; and sometimes it hurts me a little in the cold weather. That's all."

"Why don't you try the Hyperion?"

"I will. Where is it?"

"It isn't anywhere; you buy it."

"Oh, I thought you dined at it. What do you buy it for?"

"It's one of those developers with elastics and pulleys and so on. Every morning early, for half an hour before breakfast—"

"You are trying to improve me," I said suspiciously.

"But they are such good things," went on Adela, earnestly. "They really do help to make you beautiful—"

"I am beautiful."

"Well, much more beautiful. And strong—"

"Are you being simply as tactful as you can be?"

"—and graceful."

"It isn't as though you were actually a relation," I protested.

Adela continued, full of her idea.

"It would do you so much good, you know. Would you promise me to use it every day if I sent you mine?"

"Why don't you want yours any more? Are you perfect now?"

"You can easily hook it to the wall—"

"I suppose," I reflected, "there is a limit of beauty beyond which it is dangerous to go. After that either the thing would come off its hook, or—"

"Well," said Adela suddenly, "aren't I looking well?"

"You're looking radiant," I said, appreciatively; "but it may only be because you're going to marry Billy next month."

She smiled and blushed. "Well, I'll send it to you," she said. "And you try it for a week, and then tell me if you don't feel better. Oh, and don't do all the exercises to begin with; start with three or four of the easy ones."

"Of course," I said.

* * * * *

I undid the wrappings eagerly, took off the lid of the box, and was confronted with (apparently) six pairs of braces. I shook them out of the box and saw I

had made a mistake. It was one pair of braces for MAGOO. I picked it up, and I knew that I was in the presence of the Hyperion. In five minutes I had screwed a hook into the bedroom wall and attached the beautifier. Then I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at it.

There was a tin plate, attached to the top, with the word "LADIES" on it. I got up, removed it with a knife, and sat down again. Everything was very dusty, and I wondered when Adela had last developed herself.

By-and-by I went into the other room to see if I had overlooked anything. I found on the floor a chart of exercises, and returned triumphantly with it.

There were thirty exercises altogether, and the chart gave you

(1) A detailed explanation of how to do each particular exercise;

(2) A photograph of a lady doing it.

"After all," I reassured myself, after the first bashful glance, "it is Adela who has thrust this upon me; and she must have known." So I studied it.

Nos. 10, 15, 28 and 30 seemed the easiest; I decided to confine myself to them. For the first of these you strap yourself in at the waist, grasp the handles, and fall slowly backwards until your head touches the floor—all the elastic cords being then at full stretch. When I had got very slowly halfway down, an extra piece of elastic which had got hitched somewhere came suddenly into play, and I did the rest of the journey without a stop, finishing up sharply against the towel-horse. The chart had said, "Inhale going down," and I was inhaling hard at the moment that the towel-horse and two damp towels spread themselves over my face.

"So much for Exercise 10," I thought, as I got up. "I'll just get the idea to-night, and then start properly to-morrow. Now for No. 15."

Somehow I felt instinctively that No. 15 would cause trouble. For No. 15 you stand on the right foot, fasten the left foot to one of the cords, and stretch it out as far as you can . . .

What—officially—you do then, I cannot say . . .

Some people can stand easily upon the right foot when the left is fastened to the wall . . . others cannot . . . It is a gift . . .

Having recovered from my spontaneous rendering of No. 15, I turned to No. 28. This one, I realised, was extremely important; I would do it twelve times.

You begin by lying flat on the floor roped in at the waist, and with your hands (grasping the elastic cords) held straight up in the air. The tension on your waist is then extreme, but on your hands only moderate. Then taking a deep breath you pull your arms slowly out until they lie along the floor. The tension becomes terrific, the strain

on every part of you is immense. While I lay there, taking a deep breath before relaxing, I said to myself, "The strain will be too much for me." I was wrong. It was too much for the hook. The hook whizzed out, everything flew at me at once, and I remembered no more . . .

As I limped into bed, I trod heavily upon something sharp. I shrieked and bent down to see what had bitten me. It was a tin plate bearing the word "LADIES."

* * * * *

"Well?" said Adela a week later.

I looked at her for a long time. "When did you last use the Hyperion?" I asked.

"About a year ago."

"Ah! . . . You don't remember the chart that went with it?"

"Not well. Except, of course, that each exercise was arranged for a particular object, according to what you wanted."

"Exactly. So I discovered yesterday. It was in very small type, and I missed it at first."

"Well, how many did you do?"

"I limited myself to exercises 10, 15 and 28. Do you happen to remember what those are for?"

"Not particularly."

"No. Well, I started with No. 10. No. 10, you may recall, is one of the most perilous. I nearly died over No. 10. And when I had been doing it for a week I discovered what its particular object was."

"What?"

"To round the forearm"! Yes, madam," I said bitterly, "I have spent a week of agony . . . and I have rounded one forearm."

"Why didn't you try another?"

"I did. I tried No. 15. Six times in the pursuit of No. 15 have I been shot up to the ceiling by the left foot . . . and what for, Adela? 'To arch the instep'! Look at my instep! Why should I want to arch it?"

"I wish I could remember which chart I sent you," said Adela, wrinkling her brow.

"It was the wrong one," I said . . . There was a long silence.

"Oh," said Adela suddenly, "you never told me about No. 28."

"Pardon me," I said, "I cannot bear to speak of 28."

"Why, was it even more unsuitable than the other two?"

"I found, when I had done it six times, that its object was stated to be, 'To remove double chin.' That, however, was not the real effect. And so I crossed out the false comment and wrote the true one in its place."

"And what is that?" asked Adela.

"To remove the hook," I said gloomily.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT chance," asks a contemporary, "has Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES of being mistaken for a representative of the working classes, when everyone in Bermondsey sees him, day after day, driving round in his blue-ribboned state carriage, with two horses and a liveried coachman on the box?" We agree that the placing of the two horses on the box is a fatal mistake of policy.

The appropriate conveyance for Bermondsey would, of course, be a Tanner Cab.

Those ill-informed Continental newspapers! where will they stop? Could anything be less felicitous than to refer to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as "Sir Lord George?"

Dr. Cook has been presented with the freedom of New York City by the Board of Aldermen. Tammany's point of view, we understand, is this:—If Dr. Cook's story is true, then we respect him; if he is a fraud, then we still respect him.

The Illustrated London News describes Dover Harbour as "A harbour into which Hyde Park could be put." Personally we hope that the Park will not be moved. We like it where it is, and fail to see that it is in anyone's way.

The L. C. C. has now decided to contribute £200,000 towards the cost of widening Fleet Street, and it is hoped that before long this somewhat dismal thoroughfare may be brightened by ladies wearing fashionable hats.

It is sad to hear that the Crystal Palace has fallen on evil days. We read in the report, just issued, of the L. C. C. Asylums Committee that during the winter large parties from the Colney Hatch Asylum visit the Alexandra Palace. Surely some of these could be attracted to the Crystal Palace if its claims to their patronage were brought before them?

While the suggestion made in *The Daily Telegraph* that the contents of the Zoological Gardens should be removed to the purer air of the Crystal Palace has not been found practicable, is there any reason, asks a correspondent, why the animals should not in the summer be taken in relays to the seaside, where they could be boarded out on the system adopted by the Children's Country Holiday Fund? Many country folk are quite fond of animals.

Canon INGLES advocates that, to prevent migration to towns, boys should



Matron. "MRS. FAULKNER IS SO FOND OF POETRY."

Visitor. "INDEED? I HAVE SOME SIMPLE BOOKS OF POETRY AT HOME—SHALL I SEND YOU SOME, MRS. FAULKNER?"

Mrs. Faulkner. "THANK YOU, MUM—WHEN I WANT POETRY, I MAKES IT."

be sent to work on farms at the age of ten. We are surprised to find a clergyman on the side of the baby farmers.

In an interesting article on "The Weather" in *The Westminster Gazette*, Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON tells us that "when once we reach as far north as the Moray Firth the country falls under the tempering influence of the Gulf Stream, with the result that . . . the grouse of so northern a shire as Caithness show tameness which permits of their shooting over dogs during a large part of the season." The italics are ours: the cleverness is the birds'.

The Institute of Oil Painters has become the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and its official abbreviation is to be the R. O. I. And its official toast, we take it, "Vive le R. O. I.!"

According to the late Dr. LOMBROSO,

the criminal is a creature whose characteristics approach those of the anthropoid ape. But apes have enormously long arms, while some investigations made in France have shown that the majority of prisoners have arms which are rather shorter than the average. On the other hand, as a criminal points out, the arm of the Law is notoriously long. This reminder has re-created a painful impression in the Temple.

"— washes white things white," says an advertisement. This sounds easy. What we really want is a specific which will undertake to wash black things white.

It was stated at the annual conference of the Sea Fisheries Association that, at a modest estimate, the sea gulls round our coast eat at least one hundred million fish every day. But what can you expect under a Free Food Government?

TO MARS IN OPPOSITION.

The strings had ceased, and with their strain

(MOZART, the ever fresh and tender)
Still ringing sweetly in my brain
I stole into a Sussex lane,
A much-refreshed week-ender,
When suddenly there met my sight
A scene so excellently bright
As made mere musical delight
Its sovranly surrender.

I never saw my friend the Bear
Or any other starry cluster,
The Pleiads in their tangled lair,
Or Cassiopeia in her chair,
Shine with a larger lustre.
But dwarfing all the other stars,
As PETER dwarfed the other Tsars,
The sanguine disc of mighty Mars
Outshone the astral muster.

Portentous planet, on whose face
The telescope of SCHIAPARELLI,
Through myriad miles of space,
Enables us canals to trace
Minute as vermicelli,
Thanks to your enervating spells
The Sociologist who dwells
At Hampstead, of the name of WELLS,
Grows lyrical as SHELLEY.

Although not usually prone
To harbour vulgar superstitions,
To see you on a sudden grown
To such prodigious bulk, I own,
Excites my worst suspicions.
Are you encouraging LLOYD GEORGE
Fresh fiscal instruments to forge
To make unhappy Dukes disgorge
Their dearest acquisitions?

In ages past you stirred the feud
Of Fatimite against Abassid,
And co-religionists imbrued
With gore, although their attitude
Was previously placid.
And now you turn poor Mr. URE,
Who formerly was quite demure,
Into a perfect stream of pure
Financial Uric acid.

Your baleful influence is the *fons*
Of recent female revolutions,
Transforming Sylphs to Amazons
With hearts of steel and brows of bronze
And iron constitutions,
Who wrestle with the men in blue
(A thing that I should hate to do)
And harmless Ministers pursue
With endless persecutions.

Sleek HALDANE, mildest-mannered sage
That e'er translated SCHOPENHAUER,
Now pores on CLAUSEWITZ's page
And, goaded by a martial rage,
Bears witness to your power.
And smug McKENNA, spurred to roam
In fighting kit across the foam,
Now never feels himself at home
Save in a cunning tower.

All classes by your lurid lamp
Are led astray, from dukes to tinkers;
You aggravate the common scamp
And force philosophers to ramp
Like dissipated ripplers.
Who shall escape your deadly glare
Which causes panic ev'rywhere
And strikes us pink, unless he wear
Perpetually blinkers?

Balcombe, Sept. 18th, 1909.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

An attempt to rewrite Lady Cardigan's Recollections to suit some of her critics.

SITTING down at the age of eighty-four to write my reminiscences, I wish to make it clearly understood that I am a happy woman. And why am I happy? Because during my long life I have known none but sweet and good Christian men and women; and because I have all my faculties left. I am still capable of entertaining my pious friends in both town and country. I can amuse myself with singing and playing hymns; I have a good digestion and can enjoy my dinner, heedless of any new-fashioned fads about food; I can read *The War Cry* without spectacles.

Thinking over the many noble aristocratic persons I have known, I am amazed at their simplicity and purity. One hears so much of the fast ways of the Smart Set; I have seen none of them. My father was a deeply pious man, but he had the not unnatural foible to wish to disguise some of his love of spiritual things, and affected sometimes to be quite a man of the world. I remember when I was a mere girl that I wanted very much to hear a famous preacher who had just come to London. I asked Papa to take me. He was very sorry, but it was, he said, quite impossible. "Quite impossible, ADELINE. I am dining to-night with General CAVENDISH at the Club—a long-standing engagement; but," he continued, "even if I were disengaged I should hesitate to take you, for you are not just now very strong, and this preacher is too emotional." However, I felt that I could not stay away, and I therefore went with my maid, and sent word to Lord CARDIGAN, who also dearly loved a good sermon, to come to our pew.

The moment he arrived he insisted that I must leave. I naturally asked why. "Well," reluctantly answered CARDIGAN—"well, Miss DE HORSEY, your father and General CAVENDISH are in the pew opposite with"—(he looked at me apologetically)—"with two clergymen. It will never do for you to see them; your father would be so ashamed to be caught at church like this. Do, I implore you, permit me to escort you home at once."

I was seized with an uncontrollable

desire to laugh. So this was the long-standing engagement, this Papa's parade of worldliness! Of course I could not give up the sermon, and I remained; but, owing to a cab accident, I did not reach home till late. Papa was reading his Bible and he asked me where I had been. "I've been to church, Papa," I said demurely—(he started)—"and I saw you and General CAVENDISH there. I thought you were dining at the Club . . . and I saw . . ." "Go to bed at once, ADELINE," interrupted Papa, looking rather sheepish; "we'll talk about your disobedience later." But he never mentioned the subject to me again.

I was not Lord CARDIGAN's first wife. She, poor lady, died young, after a life of perfect unity with him. I remember very vividly the day on which Lord CARDIGAN finally proposed to me. He had, of course, given me Prayer-books and so forth, but that was all. I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front-door. I looked at my watch and saw that it was not seven o'clock. The knocking continued. I heard the bolts drawn, the door opened, and a voice I knew well called impatiently for me. It was Lord CARDIGAN. I dressed carefully, even to my mackintosh, before I received him. Taking me in his arms he said, "My dearest, my first wife has now been dead six years this morning. Enough time has elapsed for all the conventions to be satisfied. Will you marry me, and will you allow me to arrange for our wedding to be solemnised without further delay?" I felt I could do nothing but agree. Pressing another gold-mounted Prayer-book into my hand, he rushed away.

Lord HERTFORD was at bottom an Evangelical. I think THACKERAY did very wrong to malign him as the *Marquis of Steyne*. There is, of course, no doubt that he looked a *roué*, while the society he lived in and his great wealth combined to make him noticeable. But as a matter of fact he was, like Papa and CARDIGAN, at heart a little child, and of a deeply religious nature. He always, however, looked a great nobleman, and never forgot his manners.

Lord HERTFORD was *persona grata* at Court; every one visited him, and his breakfast and luncheon parties were considered delightful. There were, of course, since this is a cruel and scandalous world, all kinds of rumours about the orgies after the Opera, when closed carriages were said to take the prettiest members of the *corps de ballet* up to the Regent's Park house, so securely hidden in its lovely sylvan grounds. Scandal said that once there the ladies discarded the conventional attire of the ballet and waited on Lord HERTFORD and his friends at supper wearing less than what is now con-



MORE FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Jock. "Th' Sco'sh ha' woon, lassie."

Jean. "So I see!"

sidered good form to appear in as *Salome*. But it was scandal and nothing else; for as a matter of fact the closed carriages contained only the clergy and choir from St. Dunstan's, who were frequently summoned in this way to hold spiritual vigils with this kindest of noblemen and titled saints.

Not long after CARDIGAN's death I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from DISRAELI. My uncle, Admiral Rous, had said to me, "My dear, I think it is on general principles undesirable for a Christian woman to marry an Israelite, even though he be the virtual ruler of England," but I had known DISRAELI all my life, and I liked him too well to harbour such exclusive feelings. Are we not all members of the great human family? He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was he would put *peau d'Espagne* on his pocket-handkerchief.

Others who wished to marry me were more than one Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. MOODY, Mr. SANKEY, and the Editor of *The British Christian*; but I had to say No. They were either not sincere enough or I did not love them.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

[Adapted, without exaggeration, from a book written more than two thousand years ago.]

Dost thou love thine offspring dearly?
Wouldst thou save him future pain?
Beat him on the sides severely,
Beat him till he roars again.

Whoso pets his child and coddles
Turns him to the walks of sin;
He that spares the knickerbockers
Surely spoils the child therein.

If the colt remain unbroken
Hast thou profit in his vice?
So thy son; and, more by token,
Thou thyself wilt pay the price.

Wherefore, lest he prove a rover,
"Teach" him ere the chance be gone;
Take him up and turn him over;
It shall profit thee anon.

Laugh not with thy child and play not;
Wink not on him if he fall;
Bow his neck lest he obey not,
And thou gnash thy teeth withal.

Short the curb and strong the fetter,
That his feet be not misled;

Is he good? He might be better;
Is he naughty? Smack his head.

Be thou tireless in correction
Hour by hour and day by day,
Diligent in thine affection
Till his youth has rolled away.

Thus by fond paternal chidings
Goodly shall he wax and wise,
Purged of juvenile backslidings,
Perfect in thy fellows' eyes;

And for all thy pains and labours
He shall make thee full amends,
As a boast before thy neighbours
And a bragging to thy friends.
DUM-DUM.

First Steps towards Aviation.

"Considering the necessity which all fliers are under of carefully turning up before ascending, I should doubt whether M. Sommer can do much before Saturday morning."
Manchester Guardian.

But surely this necessity is not confined to flying. Even people who want to go by a train have to turn up at the station first.



Conductor. "VY ISS DER FLUTE MORE SOFTLY DAN IT CAN?"

Flautist (pointing to score, ppp.). "PECAUSE DEY DOES."

POLITICS FOR THE PETS.

OR, NURSERY RHYMES WITH NEW READINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose remarks we print under protest) writes as follows:—"My small nephew, aged six, said to me the other day, 'Uncle, what does Tariff Reform mean?' Naturally I was unable to answer him. It struck me, however, that, considering the increasing interest taken in politics by the younger generation, the nursery rhymes of our childhood might be revised to some purpose. My idea is that each rhyme should teach the child the meaning of some political phrase. May I give you a few examples?"

I.—The Land Taxes.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden* grow?"
"Oh, they taxed it as undeveloped land,
So it's houses now—all in a row!"

* The garden was, of course, over five acres.

II.—Uncearned Increment.

Poor Old John Bull
Sat on a stool
Eating his humble pie;
He pulled out a plum,†
LLOYD GEORGE exclaimed, "Come!
That's unearned increment! Hi!"

† The plum was clearly there owing to the "action of the community."

III.—The Importance of being Bermondsey.

Ride, dear, with us
On a Bermondsey 'bus,
To see some white whiskers ‡ make
Radicals cuss;
We shall have speeches wherever we go,
For this is a "vital" election, you know.
‡ The only thing about the Conservative
candidate that his opponents can get hold of.

IV.—The "Revolutionary" Budget.

Sing a song of sus-pense,
The country all awry,
Waiting for the verdict
On the Budget Pie!
Should the crust be broken,
Will the people sing,
"Destruction to the House of Lords!"
Or—the other thing?

V.—Woman's Suffrage.

Little Miss Suffragette
Sat on a tuffragette §
Eating a purple ice,
When by came LLOYD GEORGE—
The sight roused her gorge—
"Votes for Women!" she screamed
at him (twice).

§ A diminutive cushion made of patchwork.

Commercial Candour.

"Nearly 300,000 of the intelligent readers of Great Britain would not miss its Special Articles."—Advt. of "Morning Leader."

A GASTRONOMIC GUIDE.

[A lecturer, treating of colour in food, has recently stated that while a chocolate tint appealed most to the highly educated, among the poorer classes yellow was most favoured.]

Am me! I dearly loved the maid,
And did my little best to court her
With choicest chocolates (through the
trade

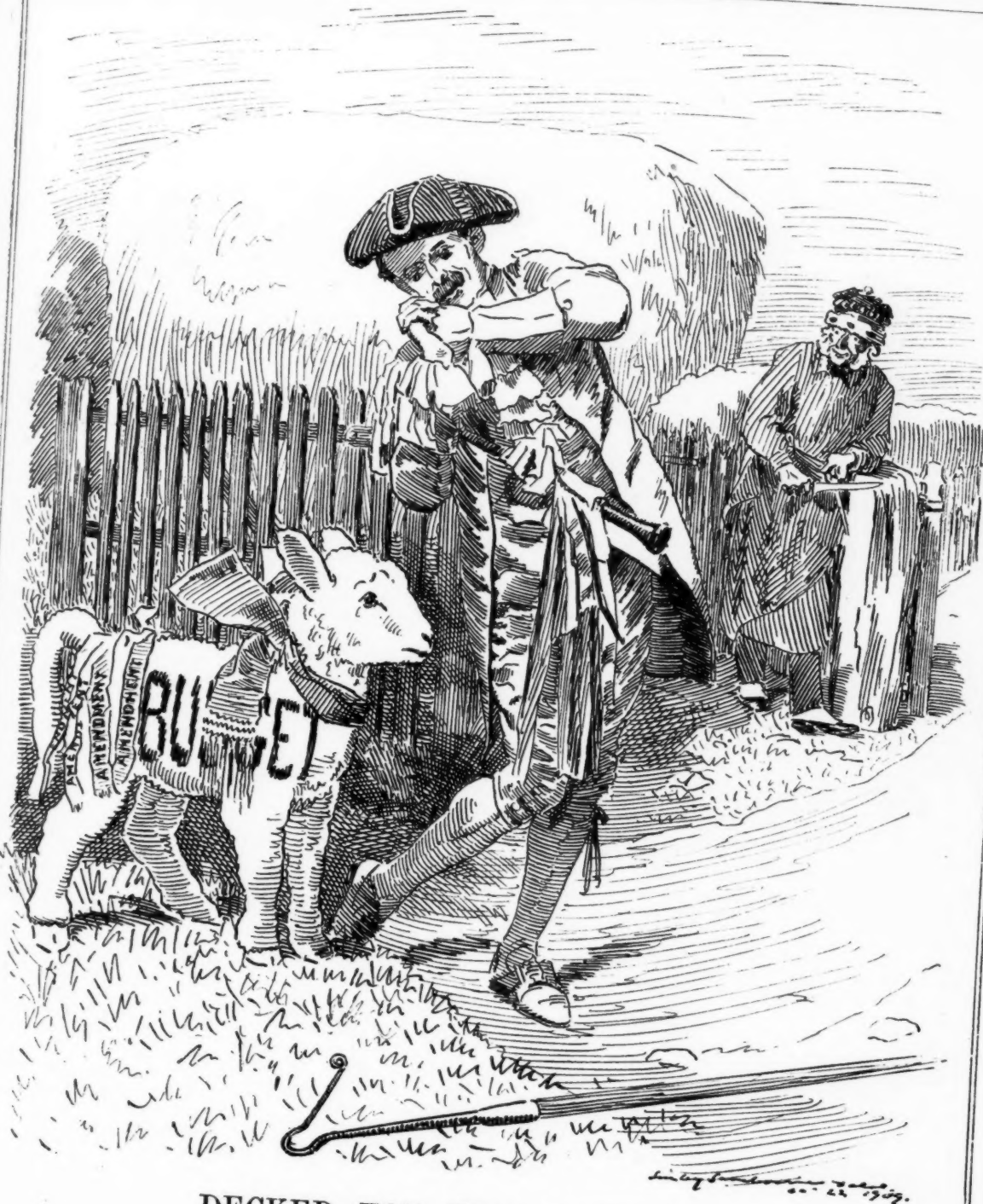
At fivepence halfpenny the quarter).
The colour of her favourite sweet
Proclaimed how cultured was my
Nellie,

And I rejoiced to watch her cat
And, with her mouth full, quote from
SHELLEY.

But yet there rose, to bid me pause,
One question which would brook no
shunning,

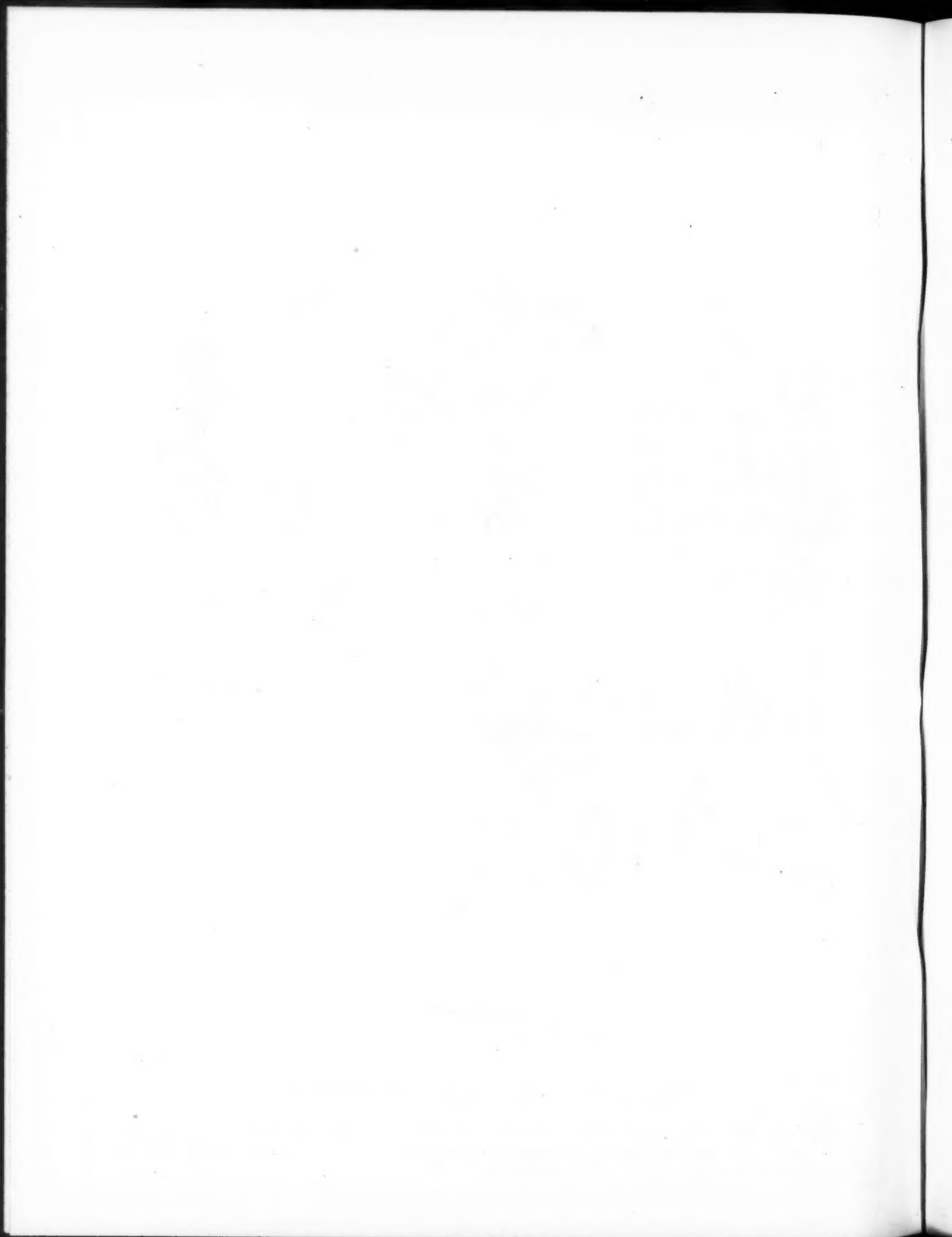
Had she the wherewithal to cause
My creditors to stop their dunning?
Her family vouchsafed no hint,
Until, as if to meet my wishes,
A jelly with a lemon tint
Appeared one day among their dishes.

I watched her at the festive board,
And scarce could I forbear from yelping
Right out aloud when my adored
Embarked upon her second helping.
Convinced I dared not call her mine,
I left her with extreme velocity,
Who gave this dietetic sign
Of obvious impecuniosity.



DECKED FOR THE SACRIFICE.

SHEPHERD LLOYD GEORGE (having given finishing touches to his pet lamb). "YOU'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!"
BUDGET LAMB. "BUT PERHAPS THE BUTCHER WILL THINK SO TOO, AND THEN HE WON'T KILL ME."
SHEPHERD. "HUSH! HUSH! DON'T TALK NONSENSE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 18.
—Members back again after week's holiday. Lords, meantime hard at work, take a night off. Sort of *Box and Cox* business, as SARK says.

Attendance limited. PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR defer arrival. Would never guess, glancing over half-filled benches, that we are preparing another Revolution. A poor thing, but our own. Bill before House on Report stage means unification of Metropolis, with intent that all elections shall take place on same day. RUTHERFORD pointed out how, in manner familiar with present Government, this strikes ruthlessly at heart of important, just now, struggling trade. What is to become of the hansom cabman, not less poor and honest than a Duke, accustomed to receive handsome fares on election days for driving the Plural Voter from poll to poll?

CLAUDE HAY, taking closer view of situation, discovered in Bill insidious attempt to deprive London working man of one of his votes. Why should not the working man, having two town houses in London, have two votes?

Wonderful how concern for working man is quickened by approach of General Election. Only the other day there was touching plea for establishment of principle of one working man two public-houses. That mocked at by mechanical majority, who now laugh at idea of working man with dual town establishment.

BANBURY, coming back after hunger strike patriotically undertaken in connection with Development Bill, is so impregnated with influences of this iteration of duality that he sees two SAM EVANSES on Treasury Bench. Didn't know t'other from which. In striking passage pictured embarrassment of polling clerk asked to determine on election day which was SAM EVANS of Mile End and which he of Paddington.

Case of KIMBER, Bart., touched fringe of tragedy. Had looked forward to Report stage of London Elections Bill as great opportunity. Prepared to rise to occasion in stupendous speech. Started off by seconding REMNANT'S motion to re-commit Bill. In accordance with order ruling debate, Member bent on this errand must confine remarks strictly to argument showing cause why such course should be adopted. Must not discuss provisions of measure, already settled on Second Reading.

"And now," said KIMBER, having got into stride and settling down to steady pace, "I will show hon. Members that the measure will not, as the FIRST COMMISSIONER hopes, make London as Birmingham."



"SAM EVANS OF MILE END AND HE OF PADDINGTON."

"Ho! indeed! Sir Sam-u-el Hevans, har yer?! Well, I could do wiv a bit o' lincrement myself. Got a 'arf-crown about yer, eh, ole pal?"

SPEAKER.—"Order! Order! The time is past for showing that. The opportunity was on Second Reading. The hon. gentleman must set forth some arguments for re-committing the Bill."

This awkward. KIMBER dolefully turned over pages of manuscript which demonstrated futility of LOULU'S dream. With one eye on SPEAKER, the other on manuscript (of itself a disconcerting position), he went on. At end of half-a-dozen sentences, SPEAKER up again.

"The hon. gentleman," he said, "is resuming his speech at the point at which he was called to order."

And this a free country, the home of unencumbered speech! After painful pause KIMBER made fresh start.

"On the Second Reading," he observed, "the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS admitted that the Bill would abolish the dual vote in London."

KIMBER conscious of the chilling of blood in his veins. An icy stream coursed through his spine. Without looking up was conscious of fact that the Dread Figure in the Chair was upstanding. Through the haze born of tear-dimmed eyesight, above the buzzing stillness that followed on pause of his own voice, he heard the SPEAKER ordering him to resume his seat; which he gratefully did.

Alas for those who never sing.
But die with all their music in them.

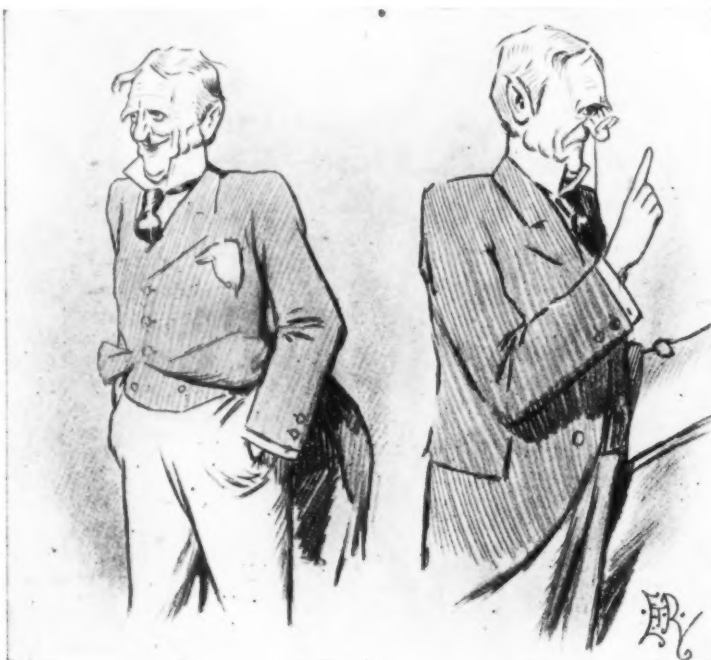
Business done.—London Elections Bill

carried by majority exceeding two to one. Read a third time without division.

Tuesday.—After weeks' absence, Mr. WEIR comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in form of bulky bundle of questions addressed to LORD ADVOCATE. Yesterday he had a dozen, all in a row. To-day submits supplement of four.

In an assembly problematically capable but indubitably dull, Mr. WEIR is a precious possession. Verily his price is above rubies. A drawback to perfect enjoyment of his presence is the impossibility of communicating its subtle essence to outsiders. *Nous autres* look upon his hairy countenance, recognise its supernatural gravity, hear the voice drawn up from his boots by hydraulic process, the stream passing by the way through roomy harbours of bagginess about the trouser-knees. We delight in the uniqueness of the rare aggregation; are in despair when attempt is made to convey to outsiders a sense of its incomparable charm.

An additional attraction is the uncertainty that ever haunts the looker-on as to whether Mr. WEIR is really an unconscious humorist. Occasionally, when his eye falls on the LORD ADVOCATE, a wicked light gleams under the shaggy eyebrows, suggesting he is not quite so simple as he looks. However it be, the comedy, simple in unpremeditated art, rich in quality, never palls. Towards the close of a Session that has lingered



THE TWO URS.

"A gay young dog" throwing off a few fancies about dukes.

"A dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact."

through eight months, the constant observer grows weary of the steely sparkle or the flashing light of parliamentary stars. Never of Mr. WEIR.

The little comedy completed by collaboration of LORD ADVOCATE. On the public platform Mr. URS presents himself in the form of a gay young dog who delights in barking at the heels of dukes, making feints to nip the calves of millionaires. He is what Lord HALSBURY would describe as "a sort of" cross between LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON. In the House, replying to shorter catechism administered by Mr. WEIR, he is a dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact, doling out ounces and half-ounces of information in response to categorical enquiry. Some men in Ministerial position would attempt to thrust Mr. WEIR aside with friendly joke. LORD ADVOCATE treats him with profoundest gravity, reading replies of prodigi us length.

"Will the right hon. gentleman let me have a copy of that reply?" says Mr. WEIR in deep bass notes that subtly hint at criminal proceedings for wilful perjury, or at least malversation of facts.

"Certainly," replies the LORD ADVOCATE.

Mr. WEIR, casting upon him a sidelong glance, eloquent in expression of surprise that moral turpitude of unexampled degree should escape the instant intervention of thunderbolts, remarks: "Ques-ti-on 55; the same right hon. gentleman."

Business done.—Budget Bill comes up on Report stage.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Before, and immediately after, *Pip* realised his "Great Expectations" he suffered greatly at the hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*, who had unpleasant habit of dragging him up from his stool set in a quiet corner of the forge kitchen, putting him before the fire as if he were going to be cooked, and observing to *Mrs. Gargery*, "Now, mum, here's this boy which you've brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy."

Then he rumbled his hair the wrong way.

Recall this domestic scene when looking in on House of Lords through week. Taking House of Commons as *Pip*, regarding the hereditary Chamber as *Uncle Pumblechook* (whom in other aspects it occasionally resembles) there has been a succession of hair-rumpling processes. Budget is a thing apart, slowly approaching hour of crisis. There are other matters—Irish Land Bill, Development Bill, Housing Bill, to wit—in respect of which *Pip's* hair has been sorely dealt with.

To-night Development Bill taken in hand. By comparison with others mentioned it has been tenderly treated. It forms one of succession of Government measures that have fared badly at the

hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*. As soon as Budget Bill is out of the way in Commons we may look out for wigs on the green.

Business done.—Development Bill further developed in Committee.

FIRST PRINCIPLES FOR BABES.

WHAT TO SAY ON TRYING OCCASIONS.

THE average baby, born to find itself the unhappy possessor of a body and mind with which it has only the barest idea what to do, is always open to receive directions for use. The average author, finding himself the possessor of unlimited paper and pencils, always welcomes a permanent subject for his lucubrations. This series will appear, therefore, week by week until the crack of doom.

[See conclusion.—Ed.]

Forgive us, dear infant, for calling you "It," and turn your attention to the necessity of saying the right thing on the right occasion. The hair on your head (or the lack of it) may seem to you to be a grievance crying out for more immediate attention. That, however, age will remedy; not too much age, for that tends to baldness. Again, before we start I should like to ask you if you have yet read *The White Prophet*? No? Well, please yourself, of course; but I do not think they will give you much peace until you have. And now for the conversation.

Though you will have but the merest acquaintance with words and their meanings, you will find yourself from the beginning of things the centre of admiring crowds, who will address many unanswerable remarks to you in a quaint, foreign-sounding tongue, and will probably look to you for some response. Though goodness knows this language of ours is intricate and difficult enough to master, yet I am sorry to have to inform you that every step will be taken during your first years to bring you up in a form of speech which is understood by no one and is only addressed to yourself, the cat, the dog and that unfortunate bird, the canary. I only know one word of it myself, and that is "DIDDUMS." That word has no meaning, but it has a multitude of uses. It may express pleasure, surprise, approval, invitation and refusal. It may be used as an oath and more especially as a last resource, when something has to be said but nothing intelligible offers. Ignore it, dear child, from the first, and, if it is hurled at you *ad nauseam*, protest by tears and bites. I for one shall hold you entirely justified.

The most trying circumstance with which you will have to contend in early life is a course of perpetual kissing. Ladies, whom you have never met before



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 2.

Quotation from horse sale catalogue:—"FOR SALE, BAY HORSE, A GOOD HUNTER, FAST, WINNER OF GREAT BLANKSHIRE TALLING STEEPLECHASE, 1909."
[On referring to the Calendar we find there were two starters for this race.]

and trust never to meet again, will insist upon a sticky embrace and refuse to leave you until you have addressed some word or sign to them. Small children, who in later life will rob you, spread intolerable scandal about you and even collect income-tax off you, will insist upon being clutched, and elder sisters who will come to refer to you as "that imp" will be for ever mauling you about and demanding conversation of you. What then are you to say?

Young thing, you are doomed from the first to disappointment. I cannot tell you what to say; in fact, I must strongly advise you not to worry yourself about the matter at all. At the moment any sound or even motion of the arms or legs will suffice, and, if you do go to the trouble of introducing yourself to the art of conversation, you will find that the more you are ready and willing to talk the less they will care to listen. Three years at least are necessary for becoming an accomplished linguist, and by that time they will be informing you that "little boys should be seen and not heard." The same remark is applied to little girls, with the added restriction, according to the views of the bitter majority, that they should not even be seen. When you arrive at

the complete age of sixteen and feel that you really know all about everything, you will find your conversation less popular than ever. In fact, the only words which will then be required of you will be such as will present little difficulty either in the pronunciation or the spelling. They are: "Yes," "No," and "Indeed." Take my advice, and, if you may not join in the conversation at table, do not listen to it, but keep your eye on the food. You will not miss much. If they talk about themselves (as they probably will) their words will be neither very true nor very interesting. If they talk about you, it will be either to correct or to prohibit.

They may even expect you to learn a lot of dead languages, but never, I trust for your sake, Esperanto. That is a form of speech invented for the easy use of all the world on all occasions. It is, as a matter of fact, employed by about ten persons twice a year, and then without an audience. Probably by now most people cannot so much as remember what the word "Esperanto" itself means. Personally, I never knew. At any rate, if the Editor has any remark to make at the end of this article, let us hope that he will be man enough to make it in English. Probably he will want

to remind you that there are going to be lots more of these articles. Anyhow, let us hear what he has got to say.

[I do not think that this series will be continued.—Ed.]

Under these circumstances I have only one more thing to say to you, dear child. If among your professed admirers there is an editor, for once let him nurse you in his arms. This would be punishment enough for ordinary persons, but remember what he is and pull the short hair over his ears with all your little might. You will never forgive yourself in later life, if you let this opportunity go by.

[This series will not be continued.—Ed.]

"Both entered the ring professing supreme confidence; but Ketchell, after receiving one smashing blow behind the ear, followed by a severe uppercut and a couple of sledgehammer effects on his heart, began to show signs of nervousness."—*Sportsman*.

One of those inexplicable cases of neurasthenia which defy the skill of the medical profession.

Support Home Products!

"In the town hall during the morning Mr. Ker Seymour announced two new British entries. They were those of Mr. Eugene V. Gratzke and Mr. Diderich."—*Daily Mail*.

WHY I HAVE CEASED TO BE A NOVELIST.

THE fault was mine, so I blame nobody. I made my characters too life-like—that was the trouble! I made them live, and some of them were very nasty over it.

It seems that mine is a vitalising pen—one that endows the most subordinate characters with life, and after what happened last Thursday night I see that I shall have to confine its use to diaries and correspondence.

I was writing at home rather late, and I had just put aside my half-completed novel to outline a fancy trifle—a little by-product—which had come into my mind. This dealt with an imaginary club or green-room to be provided by authors for the use of their puppets when off duty. In a light-hearted yet scholarly vein I was making good capital out of the way in which, during the production of a novel, the characters off the page might amuse themselves at this symposium, when something very disquieting happened. I have said just now how my pen gives life to my characters. Well, in describing places it has an equally graphic and animating touch, and before I quite knew what was taking place this Puppets' Club had become an actuality, with a membership drawn entirely from the characters of my own novel! I found myself entrenched behind my little writing-table in a corner of the Club's largest room, and as I was not immediately observed I had the listener's usual luck of hearing myself freely discussed.

Margaret Deane, my heroine's bosom-friend, came by talking in animated tones to Norah, my heroine's youngest sister.

"Candidly, Norah, how do I strike you? I don't feel a bit well drawn."

"Why, you're just sweet," said Norah, and my heart went out to her. "But look at me! The stupid man's given me a 1905 gown and last year's coiffure. I do wish male novelists would talk about things they understand." (My heart came back from her.)

"They both suit you admirably," said Margaret, "and there are worse troubles than dress. Do you know I believe I'm going to be paired off with that fatuous noodle, Teddy Boskins, just because Mr. Beverton has such a craze for tidying up in the last chapter."

Tidying up in the last chapter! Why, my last chapters are little masterpieces! Even reviewers relax their severity when they come to my last chapters.

"Well," said Norah, "I'm supposed to be something of a grown-up *enfant terrible*, and, there, I'm just a conventional English miss. I haven't said

a smart spicy thing since the book opened."

"Well, but Teddy's a real nuisance," continued Margaret. "Why, see, there he is! He even pesters me now when we're off duty. But perhaps the time's come round for another of our silly dialogue interludes. I must go."

There was a slight commotion near the door, and Philip Vandale, my six-foot hero, strode down the room. He had an ugly contusion over his left eye.

"It's more than human nerves can stand," he cried. "This old idea that one hero can rout half-a-dozen hooligans

a subtle stroke, and Philip had the grace to blush.

"Ah! selfish brute that I am, I—I was forgetting," he stammered. "I cannot desert Margaret. No, I shall see the game through."

Would he? I had had about enough of Master Philip, and of them all. Even the old vicar presently spoke out in a manner ill befitting his cloth or the character with which I had endowed him.

"One more year," he said, "of visiting the people I have to visit, and I go mad—stark, staring mad. The villagers at Herbdale are like nothing that ever was on land or sea. They're fifty years behind the times. We're all fifty years behind! As for me, I'm swathed in the conventional restrictions of 1840."

"I know I'm tired of being swathed in the conventional shawls," said a querulous voice—it was that of Margaret's invalid mother, "and of always being house-bound. Two pages ago I was left at home from the river picnic."

"But I thought your health——" began a sympathiser.

"Health! Why, if I hadn't the constitution of a horse do you think I could have lived through all these years of cheap fiction? But I'm tired of it, and the next time Philip brings his motor round for Margaret I shall go with them. They won't like it, and Mr. Beverton won't like it, but I'm going, so there!"

Here a little band of people moved towards me, its motive-power and centre of attraction Hilda Verity, my regal and imperious heroine. Her eyes were flashing and her ringing tones were charged with anger and scorn. From her words I thought she had seen me, but I found this was not so.

"Who is this petty scribbler," she cried, "that we should all abase ourselves before him? rush to do his lightest bidding? Are we slaves? Are we school children? Are we marionettes? A strike—I vote we have a strike!"

"He would get others in our place," said Probes, the old family lawyer.

"Never!" said Hilda; and I began to regret that I had given her such a high spirit and so ready a tongue. "No, he could never get another set of dupes to play the dull, conventional rôles that we play. The deadly routine would stifle their souls—if they presumed to have souls."

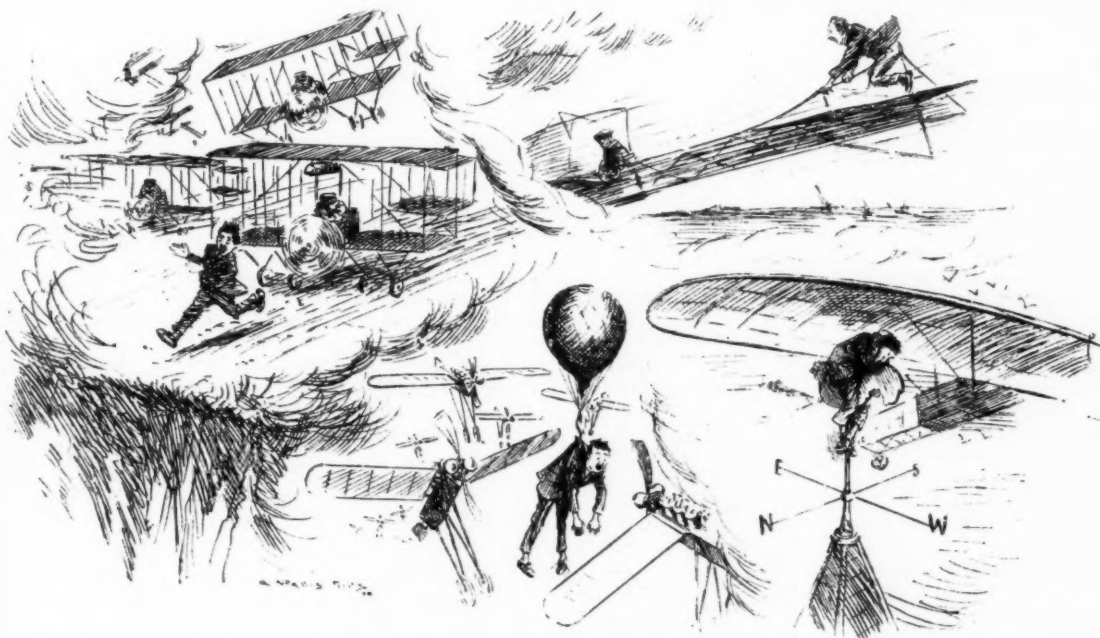
Dull! Conventional! The girl was crazy. Her daily round was one of extravagant romance! And she could never speak but, like the child in the fairy-tale, jewels fell from her lips.



Gulfer (reassuring from Weather Report). "OWING TO THE CONTINUED DISTURBANCE OVER THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE THE PRESENT RAINY WEATHER WILL BE PROLONGED. CONFOUND THOSE FOREIGN ANARCHISTS!"

has got to go. Of course I know I've muscles like steel bands, and a compelling eye, and a way, too, of hitting from the shoulder that knocks even the best out of time, but it's not always going to act. Only yesterday I was set upon by five navvies—five! Of course I came out top-dog, but it can't last. It's a dreadful thing for a hero to say, but I'm losing my nerve. I shall be giving out at a crucial moment and letting brute force win the day. Besides, I'm sick of it—I never settle down. If things don't cool off in the next chapter—and I know they won't—I shall just walk out of old Beverton's pages and never return."

"And Margaret?" queried his uncle, my white-haired country vicar. It was



NIGHTMARE OF A NEGROPUDLIAN AFTER THE BLACKPOOL FLYING WEEK.

If this represented the general feeling towards me I felt that I had better gather my papers and retire before I was observed. Just, however, as I made a movement to do so, Detective Pierce entered the room, and I knew that I was too late. No other detective in all fiction has the quick eyes or mental grasp of a situation that my Pierce has, and in a flash his glance had encountered mine, and he was pointing a rigid finger at my crumpled front.

"Ah, there he is—that's our man!" he cried. "He thinks I am *his*—that we are *all* his, but he is grossly mistaken. He is ours!"

In a moment they were all surging about my small table. The heroine seized and tore into fragments the loose pages of my precious manuscript. (Misguided girl, she was to have married a lord in the next chapter!) The hero towered over me with clenched fists. (Coward, to attack a single opponent!) The vicar snapped his fingers in my face (and snapped his chance of a deanship at the same moment). A more graceless set of people, or one more blind to its own interests, I had never encountered.

"So much for this trash!" cried Hilda, and with the torn pages of my novel crumpled in her hands she turned to the fire-place. (It was July and there was a good fire in the grate.) I rose to stop her, but she had flung the script into the blaze ere I could reach her.

"You suicide—you murderess!" I cried, and, realising what she had done, her face blanched. As the fire caught and destroyed the pages, the figures in the room grew fainter and fainter; in less than a minute I was alone and back in my own room.

* * * * *

I shall write no more fiction; ingratitude is a quality I cannot forgive. Nor shall I personally feel the loss. On the contrary, I shall be in pocket, for, curious to say, the world has never seized upon my productions with avidity. I am afraid its intellectual side ripens slowly.

3.

[A discourse intended to entertain and instruct during the half-hour immediately following Sunday tea, when one is digesting one's last meal and preparing one's appetite for the next.]

It started as a fractional
Amount, a vulgar third.
By divers mathematical
Malpractices, to which you shall
No further be referred,
It ended as a decimal
Which, so it said, recurred.

In front you will observe a dot,
And, if you look, you'll find
Above its little apex what
Might seem to be a lucky spot
Of ink. This is designed
To indicate an endless lot
Of other threes behind.

That what might seem a speck of dust
Should have so much to say
Seems to the mind of laymen just
A trifle stiff to take on trust;
It tells you anyway
That that annoying figure must
Repeat itself for aye.

Ourselves were tempted to suspect
That little dot of lying;
But all our efforts to detect
The falsehood were without effect.
Indeed, there's no denying
We found its tale the more correct
The more we went on trying.

So 'tis our duty, we conceive,
To tell you that this 3
From sunny morn to dewy eve
Repeats itself, till it achieve
A grand infinity.
And if you say you don't believe . . .
Well, frankly, nor do we.

"Deign, great Apollo" ('Ruins of Atkins')
Beethoven. — *Advt. of a Queen's Hall programme in "The Daily Telegraph."*

A last appeal to the gods to save the British Army.

"Debt repaid in 1906	£914,102
Debt repaid in 1908	£941,078
Increase of repayment of debt a	£27,024
year	
These are certainly striking figures.	

Daily Mail.

They are. Perhaps the third line is our favourite.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF all the stories in *Actions and Reactions* (MACMILLAN) had been as delightfully human as the first of them, or as delightfully doggy as the second, RUDYARD KIPLING would have deserved much better of his many friends. He knows it as well as I do, or he wouldn't have given the place of honour to "An Habitation Enforced" (one of the best things he has ever done), and the next place to "Garm—a Hostage." But he cannot bring himself to resign his position as Prince of Cataloguers. He crams up all the special terminology of a bee-house or a flying machine, and we must endure the appallingly brilliant results in the shape of "The Mother Hive" and "With the Night Mail." In the rest of the stories—"The Little Foxes" is the best—we are spared technicalities, but cannot quite escape from a sense that the author has been striving after effect, or at least never meant us to be at our ease, and excused from the disturbing obligation to admire his cleverness. "The House Surgeon," which brings up the rear, is not even clever. It is, indeed, one of the poorest pieces of bogey work that I have ever seen produced by so great a craftsman.

After reading *The Paladin* (SMITH, ELDER), "as beheld," so Mr. VACHELL says, "by a woman of temperament," I cannot help thinking that *Harry Rye* was a kind of Aunt Sally propped up so that missiles might be unerringly thrown at him. Hopelessly disqualified as I am for a paladinsip, I can still wish to shield myself from such a ruthless gaze. Once granted, however, that it was worth while to dissect *Rye's* character, I admit that the operation has been triumphantly accomplished. Both as a cautious and as a hasty lover *Rye* was unfortunate. First of all he marked time with *Esther Yorke*, and when she was tired of his way of counting the cost (and there was a cost) he found consolation with *Alice Godolphin*. She, we are told, "was the seventeenth young lady who, beginning her career at the Jollity Theatre, had soared into the peerage." In this rarefied atmosphere she dwindled away so rapidly that she had to take a rest-cure. And the result was not a good advertisement for rest-cures. Clever and brilliantly analytical as the book is, it leaves me cold; but I have to thank Mr. VACHELL for introducing me to a charming lady with the uncharming name of *Miranda Jagg*.

"Clean and wholesome danger" is one of the phrases that stick in my mind after reading *Dragon's Blood* (CONSTABLE). It exactly expresses the matter of Mr. H. M. RIDEOUT's book. The danger—the Yellow Peril, on a small scale and at close quarters—arises in a Chinese trading-village, first from the

plague, then from the natives, who, as the result of an anti-Christian riot, besiege the handful of European settlers, English, French and German, in the house and compound of the latest-joined member of the little community, a raw young German merchant. When at last they escape in a boat down the river, the young German is no longer a raw "griffin." He has been educated into manhood, partly by the common danger, partly by the inspiring example of what I hope and believe we may consider a typical Englishman of about his own age. If only all Germans, while they are young—but that is another and a less probable story. And my business is to say what I think of Mr. RIDEOUT's. Well, I think this, that STEVENSON would have revelled in telling of the discovery of the plot and the siege of the Nunnery, and that Mr. RIDEOUT, without being STEVENSON (he is, in fact, peculiarly himself, with his pidgin English and the staccato, elliptical style of his white characters), has made his men and women, good and bad, very much alive, and his clean, wholesome danger delightfully thrilling.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VIII.

BEAU BRUMMEL BUYS A CRAVAT.

surdities altogether lacked; and his use, for the purpose of his Nationalist revolution, of an Irishman's ferocity and a casual Labour M.P.'s spite against everything English has been largely justified in fact by the Young Egyptian Congress at Geneva. As a romance, however, the book imitates too slavishly the methods of Mr. CAINE, for whom Mr. SLADEN in a wordy preface pronounces unlimited admiration. The many who share that admiration will be satisfied with this narrative, for they will miss none of their accustomed sentiment nor be denied their paragon hero and heroine, who overcome by their own unremitting virtue all the wickedness of mankind and the perversity of circumstance. But the mistaken few who have even less regard for Mr. CAINE's "psychological treatment of elemental questions" than for his political judgment will probably wish that Mr. SLADEN had omitted altogether his romance and confined himself to his admirable counterblasting.

Admiral Sir W. H. FAWKES is announced to speak at a meeting at the Church House on November 5th, "if engagements will allow." There is, of course, a family anniversary to be celebrated on that day.

The Tragedy of the Pyramids (HURST AND BLACKETT) is at once a professed counterblast to *The White Prophet* and an individual romance. When Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN says "counterblast," he does not mean that he has blown his own trumpet louder than Mr. CAINE, but that he has taken the postulates of *The White Prophet* and drawn an entirely contradictory but more accurate deduction from them. Certainly his forecast of British behaviour in an emergency bears that semblance of probability which the other's military and administrative ab-